BLOOD BANK

Third chapter
Carnival

- play 42 -

WHAT SHALL I DO TODAY?

I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT.

WHAT WOULD YOU... LIKE?

……

FWIP

…!!

MMF!

MM...

KISS

SLURP

KISS

MM...

AH...

AH...

...!

MM...

KISS

KISS

KISS

ACK!

AH...!

AH, MM...

THAT'S TOO...

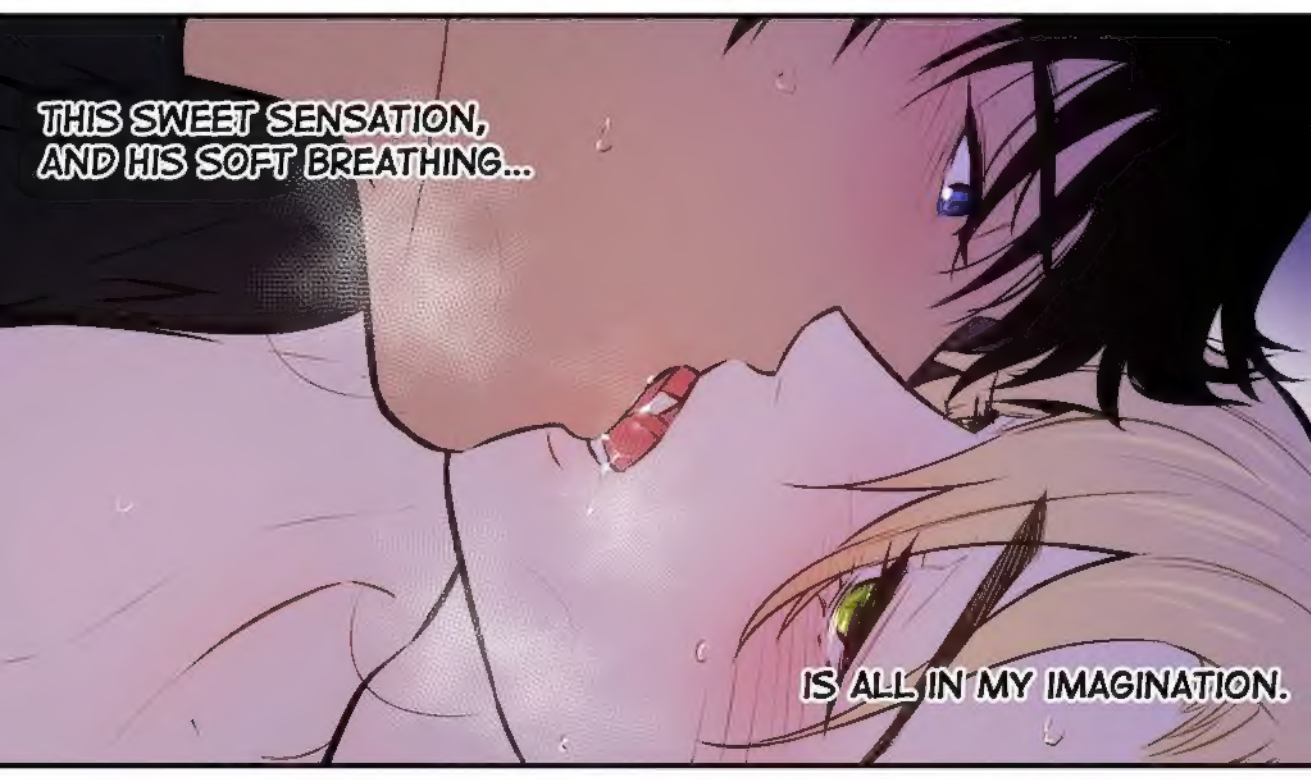
SQUEEZE...

TREMBLE

THRUST
AH, ACK...
MM...
THRUST
SQUELCH...
AH...!
TWITCH
TWITCH
SQUELCH
UGH...
AH!
THRUST
M-MORE...
THRUST
SQUELCH
SQUELCH
AH!
SHIVER
AHH...!
SHIVER
UWAAAAAAH!!
TREMBLE

...I KNOW.

THAT THIS IS ALL A DREAM.


THIS SWEET SENSATION,
AND HIS SOFT BREATHING...
IS ALL IN MY IMAGINATION.

BUT...

SQUEEZE

MM...!!

SQUELCH

AH, AH...

TWITCH

TWITCH

QUICK...

THRUST

...!!

AH.

THRUST

AHH! MM..

THRUST

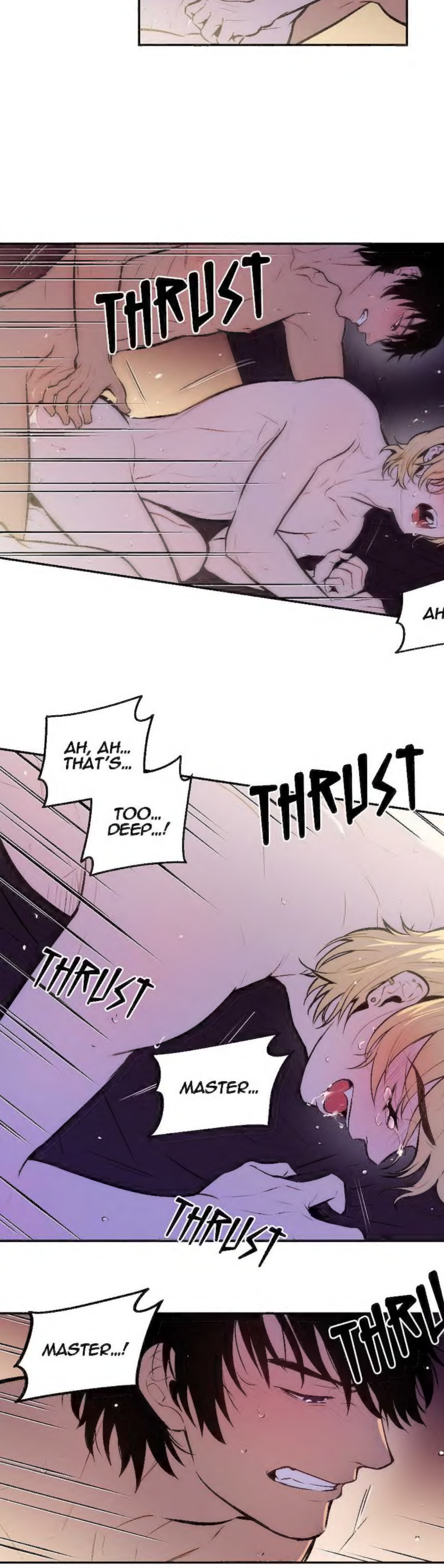
MORE...!

THRUST

AH, AH...!!

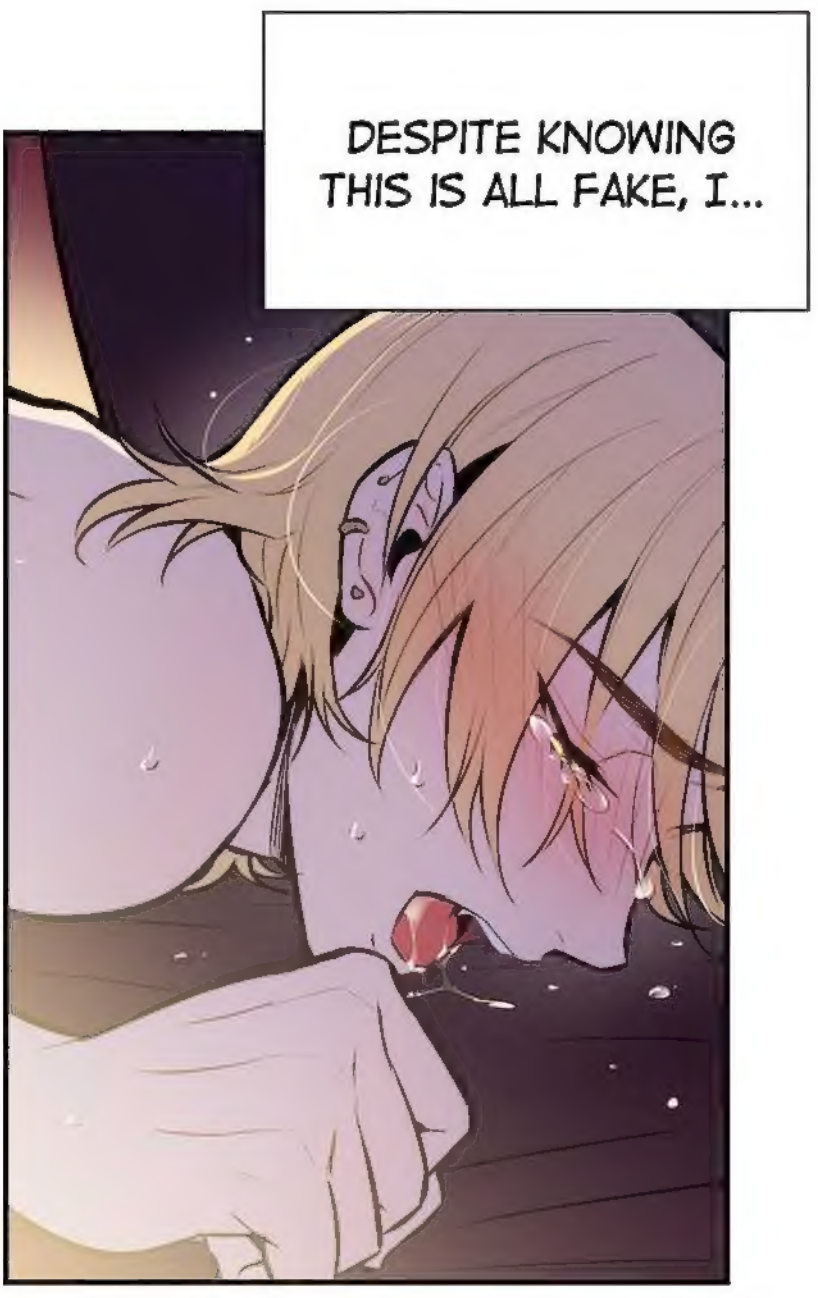
THRUST

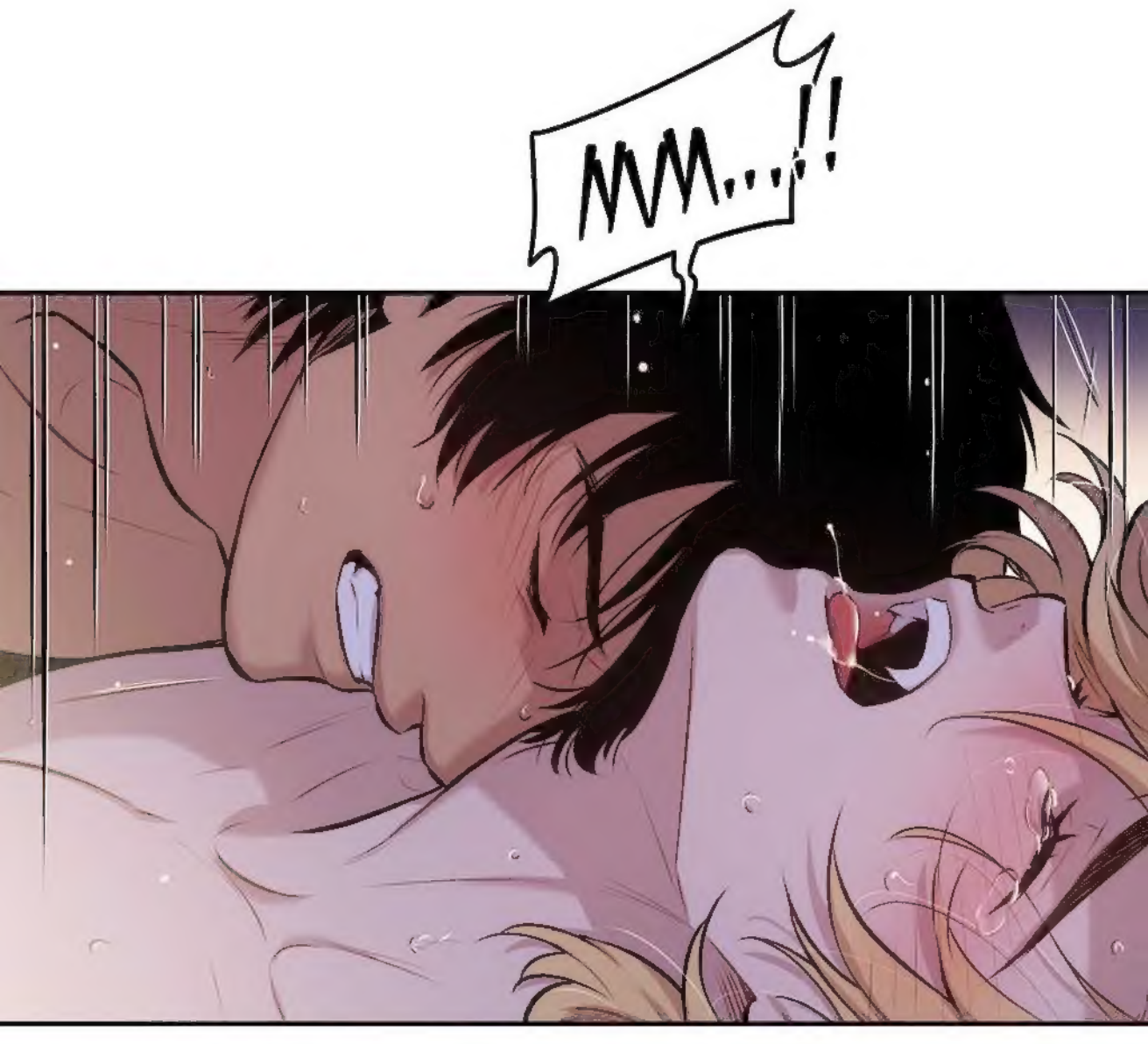
SHOVE
?


THRUST
AH...!!
AH, AH... THAT'S...
TOO... DEEP...!
THRUST
THRUST
MASTER...
THRUST
THRUST
MASTER...!

BUT IN THIS DREAM,
YOU CALL ME "MASTER"...

NOT "ONE", OR "ERIC".





AHHH...

AH!

TREMBLE

TWITCH

TWITCH

AH,AH...

PANT

PANT...

PANT...

THE ONLY THING I WANT...

...IS YOU...

NO MATTER WHO I AM,

NO MATTER WHAT THE WORLD BECOMES...!

I...!

FLINCH

SHELL...

SHELL...?!

SPLASH!

SHELL...!!

DID YOU HAVE A NIGHTMARE?

THE DRUGS YOU'RE ON RIGHT NOW HAS HALLUCINOGENIC PROPERTIES, SO YOU CAN GET NIGHTMARES AS IT WEARS OFF.

YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

I DON'T WANT TO GET USED TO IT...!

DAMMIT, I STILL FEEL...

DON'T TELL ME... HE MIXED MY BLOOD WITH SOMETHING...? AND...

...WHERE'S THAT CRAZY BASTARD?

JACK? HE'S GONE OUT.

WE CAN'T HAVE HIM GO CRAZY OVER YOUR PHEROMONES.

.....

THIS POCKET WATCH...IT DOESN'T WORK, BUT YOU'VE TAKEN CARE OF IT.

I'M IMPRESSED YOU KEPT IT SO LONG WITHOUT A SINGLE SCRATCH.

IT WAS YOU, WASN'T IT?

YOU WERE ONE OF THE PEOPLE THAT CAME LOOKING FOR MY FATHER...

I THOUGHT IT HAD TO BE A VAMPIRE BECAUSE OF THE PALE SKIN.

BUT...

THAT VOICE...

AND THAT SMALL FRAME...

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

IT WAS YOU...!

YOU KILLED MY FATHER, AND TRICKED ME...

TREMBLE

AND NOW YOU'VE MADE THIS STRANGE PERFUME...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU PLANNING?!

...I SEE. SO YOU WERE THERE THAT DAY...

MUTTER...

ANSWER ME...!

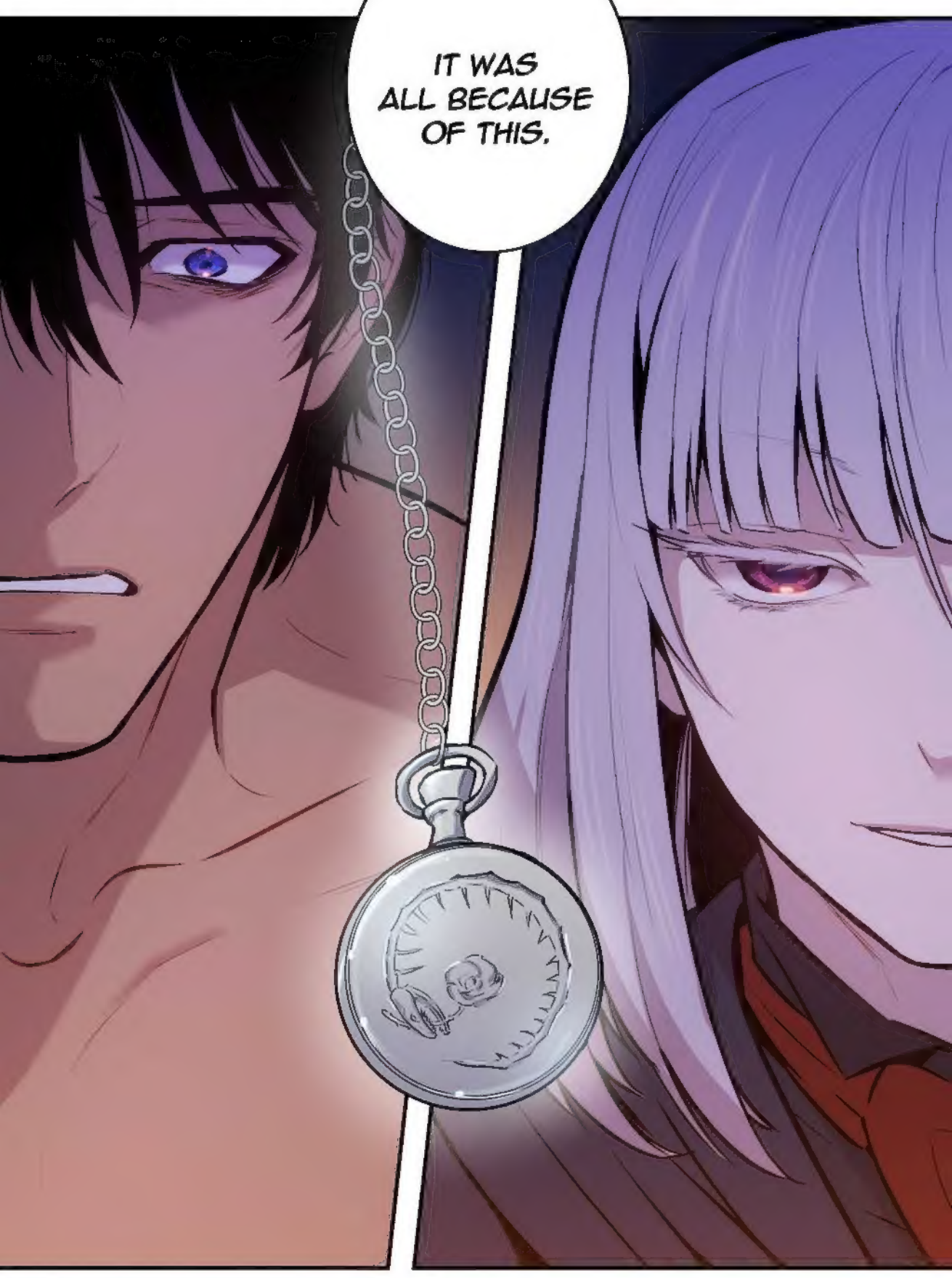
THEN...

...I ASSUME YOU REMEMBER THAT IT WAS YOUR FAULT THAT ELLIE DIED?

... ...

CLINK

...YEAH. THIS POCKET WATCH THAT BELONGED TO WHITE BONES.



12 YEARS AGO, SLUMS.

ERIC, AGE 9.

To be continued

copyright©2015 by SilB
silver00b@gmail.com
twitter.com/silb_b